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Apr. 3 - 1917.
Tuesday.

Darling Joe -

Yesterday's letter was a big fat one, but not one half as big as I would have liked it to be. But when I reached the third page I began to read slowly - up to that time my eyes just flew ~~[illegible]~~ lightning - because I wished it to last longer. It was a scream - just like a child would save his candy to make it last longer. - But to-day - no letter

filled to the ce of Presidency.
I must get me an American flag
to wear. At the Met. Opera House
a band of 100 pieces stood up to
play the Star Spangled Banner —
met enthusiasm, but the audiences'
display of patriotism overpowered
the band — and imagine, the brass
band was not even heard.

Rose called me up last
night to ask me if I wouldn't
come up for Seder, but, as I
wrote, I was up to the studio. I
called her up to-night, but Rose

Joe — I guess you don't care
anymore — but — will he do
I ____ wrong a thing but — I don't!

To-day has been extremely
exciting because of the presidents'
address. Don't you think it is most
wonderful? You should see the
burst of enthusiasm which has
popped out all over! At the various
theatres it was announced, yesterday,
and in a second everyone was on
his feet shouting Hurray! Hurray!
for Wilson! He certainly is the
the greatest man that has got

was not at home. I shall reach
her to-morrow by phone, for I
shan't be over either night — my
uncle is having a big Seder and
I know he would never forgive me
if I went elsewhere. I will be
down during the week however,
if Rose and the folks come to have
me. But I do feel extremely sorry.
First, ~~however~~ Joe, that you have
a nice time during this Easter week
of holidays. Will you attend a
Seder, — perhaps your uncle's?
I hope, for your sake, that things
have been patched up. Tell me
how you are spending the week —
I should like to hear — happily.

I had a delightful time
yesterday. It was held at Mrs.
Payne Whitney's Studio. There I
meet all the artists — and to look
at them one would hardly im-
agine them capable of producing
those wonderful pictures. I was a
little disappointed to find their
hair like any other man's, — but
nether-the-less, a few redeemed
themselves with artists' ties. I
have the catalogue in the dispensary

you shall come home for the Summer? Naturally I feel disappointed, but realize how you feel about it. I should have loved, dearly loved, and long to see you again - and wish so much that you could come - I know too the expense it means - and can only say - do as you think best. If you don't come, I shall understand, and if you do - well, only then, will you know how happy I shall be to see you - to really see you again - my Joe.

and will send it to you. One artist sculptured out of wood - or rather carved from wood - the prettiest statues imaginable. Most of them - all but one - are young Jewish men - and they have that sorrowful expression on their face. It must be a hard life - don't you think so? - for it is only when they are dead, that their works are considered a piece of art - when it is too late for them to share a little of the pleasure.

So after all, you don't think

I don't your professors take such an interest in you, more than pleases me — and if they tell you they expect you to make good, is it anything more than I have told you and that I knew, long, long ago? Indeed not! They may be professors — but in this particular case I know as much as they. And, too, I am just as anxious to be down to meet that professor of yours — the bachelor one — maybe more for then I should be with you — as he is to meet me. At least he displays good taste in taking an interest in you, and that's greatly in his favor.

Have been writing very quickly to get this in the last mail — and I am sorry it is not quite as long as I should like it to be but must close

Have met a big bug from Yale